



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

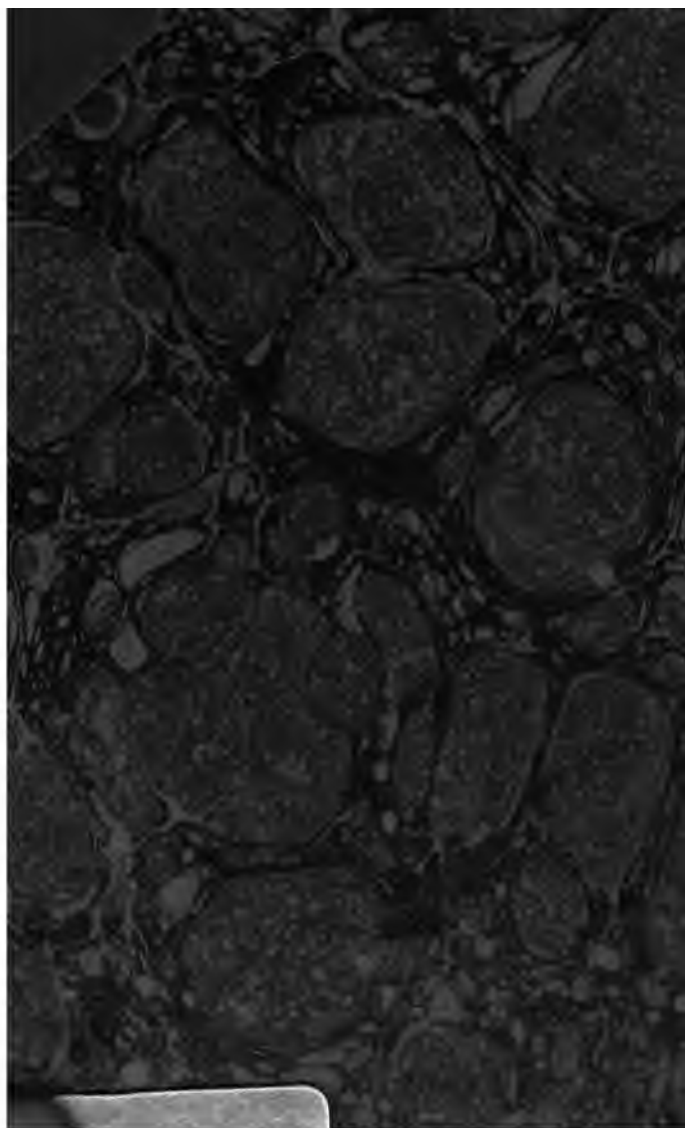
We also ask that you:

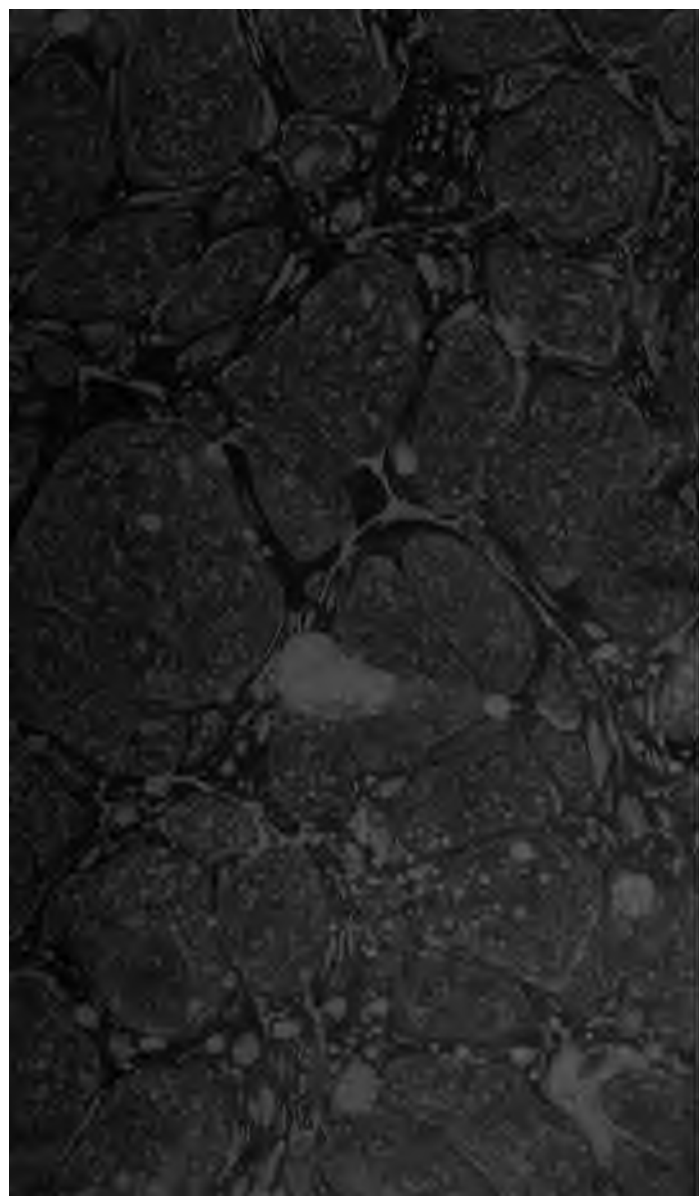
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

280 f
2538





Bt from D. low. Cat. 75/138

15

280 f. 2538

BIR
DLE









EDWIN,
OR
THE BARD'S VISION;
An Elegy
ON
THE DEEPLY LAMENTED DEATH
OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.
LIKEWISE
AN ODE,
ON THE CONTEMPLATION OF
HUMAN LIFE.

~~~~~  
" *Ostendent terris hanc tantum fata, neque ultra*  
" *Esse sinent. Nimium vobis Romana propago*  
" *Visa potens, superi, propria hæc si dona fuissent."*

VIRG. ÆN. 6

" *Quàm autem civitati cara fuerit, mærore funeris*  
*indicatum est."* CICERO.

~~~~~  
DUBLIN:
PRINTED FOR C. P. ARCHER, 34, DAME-STREET,
BY L. TUTE, 44, GREAT STRAND-STREET.

1817.



EDWIN,
OR
THE BARD'S VISION;
An Elegy
ON
THE DEEPLY LAMENTED DEATH
OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1.

EDWIN,
OR
THE BARD'S VISION;
An Elegy
ON
THE DEEPLY LAMENTED DEATH
OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.



EDWIN had a poet's hand,
And simple melody and bland.
 Could scatter from his artless strings;
To join the sky-lark in its flight,
Or to the sentinel of night
 Attune his wakeful murmurings.

The mountain cliff, the torrent's flood,
Chaf'd him to a loftier mood;

And quicker o'er the chords he drew
A bolder sweep; and well could he
The pæan join of victory,
Or welcome to the patriot due.

But Edwin, what eventful tale
Has overspread thy cheek with pale,
And paralysed thy trembling hand?
Why now of mountain-stream no more,
Or watchful moon; or cannon's roar,
That thunder'd o'er the foeman's band?

“ Ask not,” he cried; and strove again
To rouse his harp, but strove in vain:

“ Ask not, but rather shun to know,

“ What grief is mine; or why is now

“ So pale my cheek; so dark my brow;

“ ’Twould pierce thee—’tis a tale of woe.

“ No more I join the matin lark;

“ Or, when the pale moon from the dark

“ Vindicates her silvery reign,

“ Fondly with the starry song

“ Attempt to mingle; or prolong

“ The psalm from the battle-plain.”

He falter'd, with a tearful glance;
For grief had chok'd his utterance,
And overwhelm'd his hurried soul:
At length, more calm, but sorrowing still,
He bade, in painful sounds and chill,
The melancholy numbers roll.

“ Stranger, as I lay reclin'd,
“ A mournful vision to my mind
“ Unfolded a mysterious scene:
“ Rolling clouds obscur'd the air;
“ But thro' the sable gloom afar,
“ I saw, who seem'd a stately queen.

THE BARD'S VISION.

“ For still a faint and stealing gleam,
“ Betray’d her pearly diadem,
“ Tho’ cover’d with the cypress leaf:
“ And in her countenance and mien,
“ Ancient royalty was seen,
“ Chasten’d, but mingled with her grief.

“ Her throne appear’d a massive rock,
“ At whose firm base the ceaseless shock
“ Resounded of the billowing tide:
“ And here and there the naval pine,
“ And hardier oak, their boughs entwine,
“ O’er many a hillock on its side.

" From this towering throne, she cast

" A wild look o'er the watery waste,

" And sad soliloquy began:

" A sudden silence seiz'd the deep,

" The blast too halted in its sweep;

" And thus the dreary accents ran.

" ' Wide my rule; the early day

" ' Beholds the regions of my sway,

" ' As he leaves his eastern bed:

" ' And when he hastens to his rest,

" ' He sees my confines in the west,

" ' Where Columbia's waters spread.

“ ‘ But boots it now, tho’ Britain be

“ ‘ Empress of the boundless sea,

“ ‘ And foreign gems bedeck my crown?

“ ‘ Or boots it, that, in distant skies,

“ ‘ Unnumber’d too my trophies rise,

“ ‘ And foreign fields my victories own?

“ ‘ Cressy and Agincourt proclaim,

“ ‘ And Blenheim sounds, Britannia’s name;

“ ‘ Yet vain the recollection now:

“ ‘ Tho’ Spanish plains my laurels show,

“ ‘ And thick in Belgian soil they grow;

“ ‘ Yet pluck for me the cypress bough.

“ ‘ The sound is tasteless to my ear
“ ‘ Of triumph, now, or conquering spear;
“ ‘ I cannot hear the voice of joy—
“ ‘ Tell me of Edward’s(*a*) Ostrich plume,
“ ‘ Or(*b*) nobler Edward, whom the tomb
“ ‘ Hurried away, the kingly boy.

“ ‘ Or tell of James’s generous son;
“ ‘ And I can hear his story run;
“ ‘ For time has soften’d my distress:
“ ‘ But tell me not, that she is gone,
“ ‘ My pride, the heiress of my throne,
“ ‘ My hope, my destin’d happiness.’

" I heard no more; the bitter strain
 " Grated so harshly on the brain,
 " Tho' but a visionary sound;
 " That memory startled in alarm
 " To know the truth, and broke the charm,
 " That clung my slumbering sense around.

" I wak'd, as with a sudden stroke,
 " And ask'd of Fancy to revoke
 " The fearful vision she unroll'd:
 " But still involuntary came
 " A painful horror thro' my frame,
 " That more than of a dream foretold.

" I strove to think the tale untrue;

" But soon, too soon, from Claremont flew

" Tidings, which I cannot tell:

" Ask each visage blank and drear,

" The speaking glance, the stealing tear,

" And ask the pause of yonder knell,

" Ill-fated day! we deem'd that thou

" Should o'er our happy islands throw

" A fresher smile: but thou hast come;

" And Death has follow'd in thy train,

" To tell that human hopes are vain,

" To snatch her to his lasting home.

“ And, Princess, is thy spirit fled?

“ Thy lovely form for ever laid

“ In slumber deaf to every call?

“ Could not a throne detain thee here,

“ A people's love delay thy bier,

“ Nor even youth protract thy fall?

“ Oh! if spirits in their flight

“ Heav'nward, to the realms of light,

“ Ever look on earth again;

“ Upon thy sorrowing consort cast

“ One glance, e'en tho' it be thy last—

“ One angel glance to soothe his pain,

“ Saxon Prince—but who shall try

“ To check thy peerless misery?—

“ Yet comfort in religion trace:

“ Inscrutable the ways of heav’n;

“ Nor know’st thou, wherefore she is riv’n,

“ So soon, so young, from thy embrace.

“ Then weep; yet weep not in despair;

“ But seek with her a crown to share,

“ Brighter than any crown of Earth:

“ No perishable glories shine

“ In that diadem divine;

“ Its gems are of immortal birth.”

Nov. 1817.

NOTES.

(a) At the battle of Cressy, the King of Bohemia's standard, "on which were, embroidered in Gold, *Ostrich feathers*, with these words, ICH DIEN, was taken and brought to the Prince of Wales; who, in memory of that day, bore three Ostrich feathers for the Crest of his Arms."—RAPIN.

(b) Edward the Sixth.

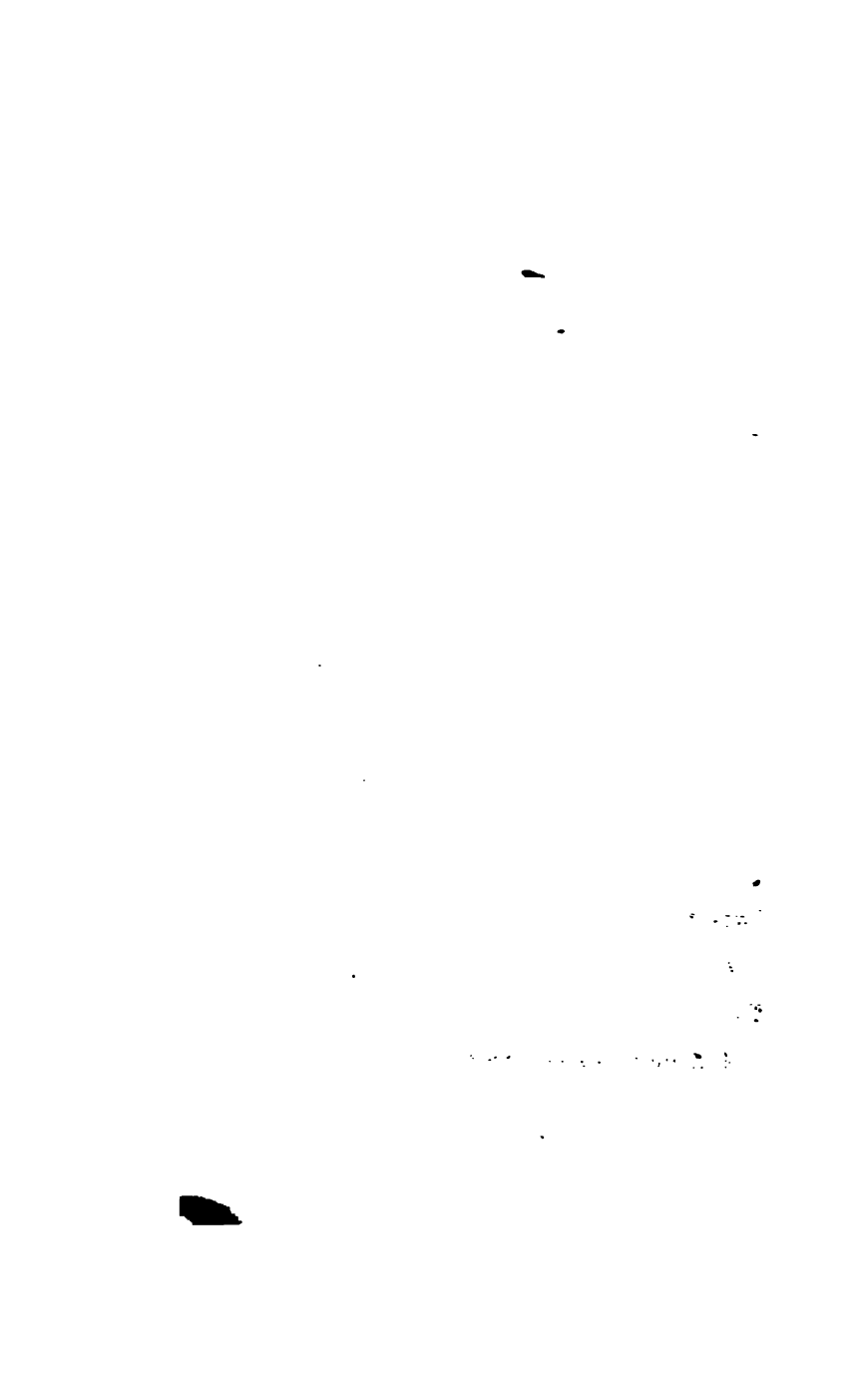


AN

ODE

ON THE CONTEMPLATION OF

HUMAN LIFE.



AN
ODE

ON THE CONTEMPLATION OF

HUMAN LIFE.



SWIFTLY glides the cheating hour,
And hasten even years away;
Death shall soon, with chilling power,
Bid life's crimson current stay.

Nought shall shun the destin'd doom ;
No power, nor art, avail to save :
Wit, and strength, and beauty's bloom,
Alike shall wither in the grave.

Valor's arm shall stiffen there ;
The tongue of eloquence be dumb ;
The Poet's hand, that chas'd despair
With magic strings, shall death benumb.

Maiden's eye, whose gentle sway
Tam'd the Warrior's haughty breast—
Maiden's eye hath lost its ray,
For ever lock'd in darkling rest.

The heart that beat for others' woe,
Or felt their happiness its own,
Has here forgot the generous glow—
Cold as its sepulchral stone.


And, King of Terrors, on the brow,
Born our Diadem to wear,
Thy icy hand is heavy now :
A Nation feels its pressure there.

Why was Human Life, then, given,
Brief e'en at its longest date?
Oft from earliest youth 'tis riv'n,
And in its bud consign'd to fate.

Why, at the Omnipotent Word,
An Angel's form did Man assume,
If thus, Creation's boasted lord,
He perish, vanquish'd by the tomb?

Why, too, o'er his passing scene
So oft do sullen tempests lour;
With scarce a darting gleam between,
To soothe the melancholy hour?

Was Man in mockery created,
With hopes as bright as morning Sun;
The slave of disappointment fated,
Long ere half his course be run?



Forbear the impious thought, forbear;
Nor Man the sport of evil deem;
The fated victim of despair,
His sorrows sure, his joys a dream.


Think not caprice, or cruelty,
Chalk'd the path that he should tread—
In life, a 'wilder'd wanderer be;
And moulder then among the dead.

Many a bitter herb, 'tis true,
And many a sharp and galling thorn,
His rough and narrow path bestrew,
Thro' pains and difficulties borne.

But the golden sceptre still
Of Mercy, rules his wayward fate ;
And good, victorious over ill,
Shall the Christian's steps await.

Even here, where woe and sin
Have so usurp'd this earthly spot,
To him 'tis balmy peace within,
And hope still speaks of happier lot.

Bliss unmingled with alloy
He, this trying journey o'er,
Shall in holier climes enjoy ;
When Earth is gone, and Time no more.



For Time shall perish ; Earth shall roll,
Its axle turn'd, its balance lost ;
The Heav'ns be wrinkled, as a scroll,
'Mid fierce and flaming volumes toss'd.

Brighter Heav'ns, and brighter Earth,
From their ruins shall arise ;
And Man be present at their birth,
Man, the favorite of the skies.

Tho' seem'd he here, of worms the prey,
To lie, within his loathsome shroud,
Amid dishonor and decay,
Forgotten as a morning cloud ;

A change, a mighty change, shall come,
When trumpet-sound shall wake the just ;
When Christ shall call his servants home,
And Heav'n be peopled from the dust.

Obedient to the Royal word,
From the prisons of the dead
They arise to meet their Lord—
From yawning Earth, and Ocean's bed.

Where now decay ? where now the forms
That lately droop'd its abject head,
Cold companion of the worm,
In low, oblivious ruin laid ?

Where now the limbs, from human sense
Hidden the heavy turf beneath;
Lest disgust, or pestilence,
The sight should give, or vapour breathe?

See yon field, of smiling gold,
In wavy plenty spreading wide:
Where grains in multitude untold
Float upon the wheaten tides

Few were they, when first the ground
Took them to its faithful trust:
Now each prolific grain is found
Forth a hundredfold to thrust.

Thus, the Christian's body died,
Till, ripe from Time's restoring womb,
Its strength, its beauty, multiplied,
It burst again the funeral gloom;

To fresher life and honor spring,
Purified of earthly dross;
And with its kindred spirit wing,
Beneath the banner of the Cross,

Mysterious flight, thro' Heaven's gate,
To the realms yet unreveal'd;
Where golden days his coming wait,
By fix'd and faithful promise seal'd;

Where Angels greet him to their quire,
To taste, from all suspicion free,
Pleasures, boundless as desire,
Stable as Eternity.

November, 1817.







